

ADVICE FOR CYCLISTS.

An unduly long handle-bar is weak. It spreads the rider out too much, and it unsteadies the steering.

Riders should never discontinue cycling for any length of time, because there is no better tonic than if they are compelled to stop for some reason, they should immediately adopt some other form of exercise.

To leave an insufficient length of handle-bar in the tube, though less disastrous to the machine, is more dangerous to the rider, for the handle-bar is apt to come out into his hands, occasioning an awkward spill.

When you hear a grinding, clicking noise at the chain-wheel, don't jump to the conclusion that your chain is slack. Try the main bearings. They may have worked sufficiently loose to throw the wheel out of line and cause the unpleasant noise of the cogs.

Cycling strengthens the muscles of the ankle immensely, and is nearly always beneficial after a sprain, that is to say, when the ankle is recovered sufficiently to enable the sufferer to hobble about on it. To use it immediately after a sprain is suicidal, and will only prolong the period of convalescence.—Golden Days.

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

Tin trolleys have invaded the land of the Pharos. Cairo is to have a system.

All harm from trolley railroads has been prevented in Budapest, Hungary. There the roads are in cuts below the street surface, where pedestrians never go.

The first electric light was produced by Humphrey Davy, in 1808. The first practical dynamo was built in 1857, and was first used to run an electric light at the light-house of South Foreland, Eng., December 8, 1858.

A grate fire, produced by electricity, is a recent London invention. The "coals" are formed of a combination of fire-clay and chemicals; they are almost instantly made to assume a red-hot glare, and the illusion is perfect.

A London firm, which has manufactured eight of the eleven cables linking the United States to England, make fifty-five miles of cable each twenty-four hours.

WASHINGTON had a slow, deliberate way of speaking. His voice was low, but strong, his words were always well chosen and his tones carefully modulated.

POETS who sing of a "shoreless sea" leave nothing in their imagination for the waves to break on and for ships to arrive at and land while off on a long voyage.—N. O. Picayune.

We don't know what we can do for you, and then we frequently say that we can't.—Puck.

THE LATEST.

TABLETS are now sold by a New York baker.

TIVVINO is the latest British institution to be threatened. The prince of Wales has declared that he will put it down.

"FULL DINNER" is the latest of the city restaurant signs, and seems an improvement on "regular dinner" and so on. It is pleasantly suggestive of a square meal.

THE boys of Sandwich, Mass., and those of the adjacent town of Bourne, are in a clover, engaged in a game called "heads and tails." The first named town pays twenty-five cents bounty for muskrat's heads, and the other pays the same bounty for the tails.

A HYPOCHONDRIAC is in a bad way in Richmond, Ky. One of its members so hypnotized a majority of its members that they each loaned him money. Now he no longer visits the club, and the other members think hypnosis is extremely silly and only a temporary delusion.

IN A HUMOROUS VEIN.

It never occurs to a boy that he will some day know as little as his father.

—West Union Gazette.

If a man is big and fat, and keeps his mouth shut, he can bluff nearly anybody.—Athenian Globe.

"My investments," said the speculator in Oklahoma, "depend largely upon my belief in a future state."—Yale Record.

SOME people are afraid of a gun, nevertheless they will trifle with an umbrella which is liable to go off at any time.—Adams Freeman.

You can't be sure that a man is lazy simply because he gets another man to do his work for him. He may be only shrewd.—Somerville Journal.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

THE mud baths of Dax, in France, have existed since the time of the Romans. M. MAURICE BOUCHER has finished his translation into French of all the songs found in Shakespeare's works.

PARIS has 105 branch post offices. All of which the mails are shot from the general post office, through pneumatic tubes.

M. ZOLA has been elected president of the Societe des Gens de Lettres for the fourth time. The election was unanimous.

"I am too much of a gentleman, sir, to tell you what I think of you," exclaimed the trade politician, "but if I ever catch you in congress I'll call you a liar, sir."—Chicago Post.

The man who is always impugning the motives of others simply advertises what he would do if he had their opportunities.



Private Brown.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"Well, my child, you must not forget that you have but his own unsupported evidence as to the truth of his story. Were you my daughter I would certainly advise you to not place too implicit confidence in the truth of what he told you. He may be, as your father hinted, a fugitive from justice. The criminal element, you know, dear, is not drawn entirely from the lower strata of society. It is not wrong, I think, for you to manifest an interest in his artistic work, loving art as you do, but you must not forget, my child, that you do not know him, and that he is but a soldier in the ranks and far beneath you in social standing. You had best tell your father all you know of your new acquaintance, and I can assure you that should Brown's story prove to be true no one would move more promptly than Col. Sanford in endeavoring to sever the bond of enlistment that he might be restored to his proper sphere of life."

But you forget, Mrs. Colby, that he said he would not under any consideration have his term of enlistment shortened one single day."

"It could be done without consulting his wishes in the matter. If it should be brought to the notice of your father that the young man is not only inflicting upon himself really unmerited punishment for a mistake of his youth, but is by his action depriving the business world of a talent which would contribute to its progress, he would scold at the man's exaggerated ideas of penance and lose no time in restoring him to his proper station. May I be frank with you, my child, and tell you that in my opinion Mr. Brown, or Mr. Thornton, is a very, very foolish young man. But, my dear girl, you don't know how your story has interested me. I wonder if it can be true? And to think he is in Capt. Colby's troop, too! May I tell the captain?"

"Do you think it would be right, Mrs. Colby? Mr. Thornton did not enjoy secrecy—in fact, he said he had nothing to conceal from the world, yet here his story known it might enforce upon him a notoriety which would be distasteful to him."

"That is true, my dear, but really I feel that his captain should know it. Very well. You can tell Capt. Colby and I will tell papa all I know of Mr. Brown."

"What a delicious secret we four will have to discuss between ourselves, and how doubly delicious if it prove true that Private Brown is really Mr. Edward Thornton and a gentleman in every way our equal in life. But a word of motherly caution, child. You must not permit your girlish enthusiasm to assume the reins of your reason, for a feeling of sympathy for simple friendship and sympathy for Private Brown."

A slight blush mantled the cheeks of the young girl at these parting words. After she had gone Mrs. Colby sank into a chair and carefully weighed every feature of the strange story, and was yet deeply engrossed in thought when the captain entered.

"George," she said to him, "do you know anything of Private Brown of your troop?"

"Brown? Yes. He has several times attracted my attention. He is a splendid young soldier, I believe, always unusually neat in personal appearance, and at times when he has been on duty as orderly at my quarters I have noted his intelligent language and gentlemanly bearing. He distinguished himself in a noticeable manner in several of our marches with the Apaches last winter, and I have him listed for promotion when there is a vacancy. Why do you ask, my dear?"

"I have a very remarkable story to tell you, George. If you will promise me that you will never divulge it without my permission, not even to Brown himself."

"Well, it must be a startlingly important secret. Will such a pledge in any manner conflict with my duty as an officer?"

"Not in the least, my dear, or I would not exact it of you."

"Then I promise. I am all attention."

She told the story as Alice had related it to her, and the captain's eyes opened wide with astonishment.

"By Jove, wife, I am inclined to believe the man has told the truth. I have never had occasion to give him extra notice further than to mention, yet in the light of this revelation I can recall many of his actions which go to corroborate what you have told me. I must keep my eyes on him in future."

Alice went at once to her father and related to him the story Brown had told her. The old man at first evinced considerable interest in the recital, but at its conclusion said:

"All nonsense, Sunshine, all nonsense. You must not place any credence in the wild cock and bull stories the soldiers tell. Look after the sick man in the hospital, child, and let the well ones take care of themselves."

"Did I do wrong, papa, in listening to him and showing my interest in his work?"

"My little Sunshine could not do wrong. If this man has interested you with his skill with the pencil I am glad of it. Your life is cast amid very sober surroundings, little one, and anything that affords you pleasure and helps you to while away the dull hours has my full approval. If a big, honest-eyed Newfoundland dog should come to you for recognition it would be no wrong for you to pat him on the shaggy head and call him pet names. If a private soldier interests you and possesses intelligence enough to treat you as becomes your station in the world above him, amuse yourself with him all you desire. Even listen to his fairy stories if you wish. Soldiers love to be treated as if they were not soldiers, but had they not been crowded into the army by some remarkable circumstances. Their romances are all bosh, Sunshine, all frothy bosh."

CHAPTER VI.

Lieut. Vandever was industrious in acquiring a knowledge of horsemanship, for a call to field duty might be made at any moment in the then unsettled state of the Indians. In his daily rides about the post and down the river he frequently met Miss Sanford and sometimes rode beside her. Her treatment of him was always polite, yet she maintained to-

ward him an air of modest reserve which warned him that any resumption of foppish gallantry would meet with her disapproval. On several occasions he had passed by when, herself and Private Brown were sitting together, bending over a sketch or quietly conversing, and it shocked him to see the daughter of the commander on terms of such seeming familiarity with a man in the ranks. In his estimation, the private soldiers were mere soulless machines, which moved only at the official beck and call, but puppets in exalted hands, and a lump of indignant resentment stuck in his throat at the thought that the maiden could grant to a vulgar private the sociability she denied him.

On one of his daily rides he overtook her in the river bottom just as she had reined in her pony to make the ascent of the steep hill leading to the fort. He politely saluted her by raising his cap, and she acknowledged the salutation with a low and pleasant smile.

"It has been a beautiful afternoon for riding, Miss Sanford," he said.

"It has indeed, Mr. Vandever. I think the New Mexico climate cannot be surpassed in loveliness in the whole world."

"The climate is all right, but the society is open to severe criticism," he replied. "The native people are but half civilized and the Americans are rough and uncouth, and I do not like to be somewhat severe to the ladies and gentlemen of the army are compelled to exist amid such uncongenial surroundings."

"O, you are too hard on the people of the territory," she replied. "I have a number of valued friends among the good people of San Marcial, the town just above the fort, both native and American, and I have always found them to be congenial, well-educated, courteous neighbors. You will modify your views of them when you come to know them. Even were we cast away a thousand miles from civilization, I am sure we could be a happy community. We are a little world in ourselves, Mr. Vandever."

"A rather insignificant world," he replied. "You can almost enumerate its population on your fingers. A dozen or so officers, and half as many ladies."

"And several hundred soldiers," she added.

"O, the soldiers cut no figure in our world, save as slaves to do our bidding. The riff-raff of the land must not be mentioned in the same breath with ladies and gentlemen. I sometimes think it degrades a gentleman to be obliged to command such fellows."

Her face flushed with anger, and turning her side to him, she fell upon her face as she replied in biting words:

"Lieut. Vandever, clothes and rank do not make the man. Indeed, in my own experience, I have known the gaudy uniform of the officer to cover far

less manly instincts and actions than I have noted beneath the plain garb of the private soldier."

They had reached the summit of the hill, and the reins of the soldier had slipped unceremoniously away, leaving him biting his lips in confusion.

He rode to the stable and, dismounting, threw the reins to an attendant and started to his quarters in a far from pleasant frame of mind. As he hastily turned a corner of the stables he ran into Private Brown, who was hastening thither on some errand. The shock threw the lieutenant so the ground and instantly recognizing in the soldier the man in whose company he had often seen Alice Sanford, his rage was great. Springing to his feet he hoarsely shouted:

"What do you mean, sir? How dare you run against me in that manner?"

Brown respectfully saluted him and replied:

"I beg your pardon, sir. You turned the corner in such haste that you ran into me before I could get out of your way."

"You lie, sir, when you say I ran into you. It was your damnable carelessness that caused the collision. I am not sure that you did not purposely run against me."

Brown's blood boiled at the epithet applied to him, and the expression of anger on his face increased the officer's rage.

"Lieutenant, your words are harsh even for a superior to use toward an inferior in rank. I am not a liar, sir, and my manhood revolts when such a term is applied to me when I am powerless to resent it."

"Don't you dare talk back to me, you scoundrel! How dare you hint at resentment to your superior officer, you menial cur!"

Human endurance could stand no more. Brown's face paled with righteous rage, and, losing all control of his temper, he sent a well-directed blow into the lieutenant's face, knocking him from his feet.

CHAPTER VII.

A number of the stable attendants who had witnessed the altercation ran to the spot and assisted the officer to rise. His nose was bleeding profusely from the blow, and in obedience to his command a guard was summoned and Brown was marched away to the guard house.

Seated on a bunk in a gloomy cell his anger cooled and he awoke to a realizing sense of what he had done. In civil life he would have been applauded for so promptly resenting an intentional insult, but in the army it was different. Violence offered by a private soldier to an officer is a most serious offense, and one which under army rules demands severe punishment. While it is true that the officer's conduct toward him was highly reprehensible and such as would lay him liable to official investigation, that fact did not in the least mitigate his offense. Had he quietly submitted to Vandever's abuse he would have been justified in seeking redress in the

proper official quarter and justice would have been done him, but he had allowed his anger to override his better judgment, and now he was in for it, and must suffer the consequences.

What would Alice think of him? Would she pass hasty judgment on his act before seeking the details? Would she not regard him as a quarrelsome bully, and deem him unworthy of her friendship? The thought troubled him, and as he paced back and forth in the forbidding gloom of the cell he was very miserable. His gratitude toward the girl for taking so kindly an interest in him had ripened into a love which seemed to consume him. Although no word indicative of his new feeling toward her had ever been breathed in her presence, he felt that she must instinctively know that he loved her, and her eyes had on more than one occasion told him that her friendship toward him was gaining an intensity which might some day develop into a far more tender passion.

In his dreamy moments he had even dared to picture a future wherein their mutual love would light the path down which they wandered hand in hand, and now by one rash act he may have blighted the bud of affection which was swelling toward bursting in his young heart—have blighted it so completely that even the sun of future vindication might fail to warm it into life again.

At the midst of his gloomy reflections the heavy cell door swung open, and Capt. Colby entered.

"Brown," he said, "what was the trouble between yourself and Lieut. Vandever?"

"Captain, I have been guilty of a most serious offense, and in the light of calm reflection I do most deeply regret it. I was grossly insulted, sir, and in my rage I lost sight of the officer and only the man who was heaping indignities upon me. My position as a soldier was forgotten, and I resented the insult as I would have done in civil life—as any gentleman would have done, sir."

"Will you tell me without any reservation or palliating coloring just what occurred between you?"

Brown related all the details in a truthful manner. While he felt that in the eyes of an officer possessing a soldier's sense of honor his story would seem justifiable, he admitted that he had been guilty of a serious infraction of army law, and averred that he would humbly submit to any punishment a court-martial might inflict upon him.

"I am sorry this occurred, Brown, very sorry. Your conduct ever since you joined my troop has been most exemplary, and I have hoped to soon be able to offer you promotion. I fear that this matter will mar that hope."

Col. Sanford is a most severe disciplinarian, and an assault by a private soldier upon a commissioned officer will assume most grievous proportions in his eyes. He will insist upon your trial by court-martial, and his views on this question are so well known to the officers of the post that those who try you will, should you be convicted, feel that severe punishment must follow.

I can only hope the palliating circumstances may bear due weight with both the commander and the members of the court."

He passed out, leaving Brown again alone with his bitter thoughts.

Lieut. Vandever lost no time in endeavoring to poison the minds of his brother officers against his assailant. He pictured him as a brawny bully of a pugnauous nature, and loudly averred that a long term of years in a military prison was the punishment he richly deserved. His words bore little weight, however, for the young lieutenant had become most thoroughly disliked by every officer in the garrison. While there was no outward demonstration to establish the fact, there was not one of them but secretly rejoiced that he had been so promptly relieved of his unbecomely conduct.

And what of Alice? That young lady acted in a most remarkable manner when the details of the affair reached her ears through Mrs. Colby. She did not turn pale and weep and wring her hands in inconsolable anguish in the conventional way. Not she. A great smile of satisfaction spread over her pretty face, a glad look increased the usual brightness of her eyes, and she poured out the pent-up fervor of her soul in giving emphasis to the one word:

"Good!"

She thought not of any punishment that her friend might be called upon to endure, but only saw a righteous blow struck at insolence and insult by the strong arm of manhood.

It was not at all unusual for the commanding officer's daughter to send some of the surplus from her own table to soldiers who might be confined in the guardhouse, and when the orderly from headquarters brought a platter of eatables to the sergeant of the guard and said it was for Private Brown of B troop, it was passed in to the prisoner without a questioning word. With the belief that some sympathizing comrade had sent the viands from the troop messroom he set it aside until he should feel hungry, and when he at last uncovered the contents of the dish and noted that it contained pieces of pie and cake and other delicacies not to be found in the culinary department of the soldier quarters, a glad smile spread over his erstwhile troubled face, for he knew it must have come from Alice. Raising a slice of cake from the bottom of the dish he discovered that it had been concealing a folded piece of paper, and eagerly seizing it he ran to the dim light of the grated window and read these words:

"You would have been less a man in my eyes had you acted otherwise. I admire you for resenting an insult from one lacking in manhood."

"A. S."

His heart throbbled with delight, and he pressed the precious missive to his lips again and again. Alice approved his action, and he did not now fear any punishment that might be for his offense. His one overshadowing fear had vanished through the iron grates of his prison window as he read the blessed words traced by her beloved hand, and the sentinel at the door was astonished to hear him whistling a merry air.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Coronado Cliff Dwelling.

The most wonderful cliff dwellings in the United States are those of the Maricopa, in a southern Colorado canyon. Some of these caves are three to six hundred feet from the bottom of the perpendicular sides of the canyon wall and how their occupants gained ingress is a mystery.

The man who seeks happiness must learn to take short steps.

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Gov. Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Economy requires that in every receipt calling for baking powder the Royal shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

PEOPLE OF ALL CLASSES.

MR. CLEVELAND'S income is said to be between \$50,000 and 100,000 a year.

BILL COOK, the noted desperado, who is under a forty-five year sentence, has been put at work making shirts in the Albany penitentiary.

CAPT. J. J. STORM has sailed from East Boston in his forty-foot speedboat for an all around the world voyage. Capt. Storm is a noted adventurer.

MRS. YANG, wife of the Chinese minister at Washington, is progressing so finely in English that she is quite able to converse with her many visitors in their native tongue.

MRS. ANN DAPFEN, who died recently at Philadelphia, was present at the coronation of Queen Victoria. Mrs. Dapfen was born in Hull, England, in 1807, and came to this country in 1838.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND's chief recreation at Woodley is a drive in the afternoon and a game of cards in the evening. The president is a good whist player, and is also fond of pinocle.

J. L. HAND, of Pelham, Ga., is known as the watermelon king. He plants several thousand acres of seed every spring, and in the summer season ships hundreds of carloads of melons north.

PRESIDENT ANGELL of the Humane Society offers a prize of \$50 for the best collection of instantaneous photographs of docked and over-checked horses, with the names and addresses of their owners.

EUROPEAN PICK-UPS.

In the British Isles during the present century seven instances have been recorded in which the bride has married the best man by mistake.

NAPLES is to build permanent sea baths to accommodate 45,000 persons, and to enable them to have hot and cold baths at all seasons of the year. Three points on the shore have been selected for the sites.

The last miller of Dee is dead, but the Chester Town council has voted to add and preserve the mills, in order to control the flow of the stream. The original grant of the mills was made by King Edward VI.

PRINCE TOMANOFF, a student in the University of Odessa, has just been expelled and ordered to leave town within forty-eight hours, because he would not have his hair cut short. There is consternation among the students of Odessa.

When You Want a Thresher, Horse Power, Springing or Wind Stacker, Saw Mill, Self Feeder, or an Engine, address the J. I. CASE T. M. Co., Racine, Wis. They have the largest Threshing Machine plant in the world, and their instruments may be relied upon as the best. Business established 1842. Illustrated catalogue mailed free.

"On, mamma," said the small boy from the city when he first saw a robin, "come look at this little sparrow with a red flannel shirt on!"—Harper's Young People.

PISO'S CURE is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Hunt, Sprague, Wash., March 5, '94.

Chicken fairs are devices to make the game pay for the pasturing of the sheep.—Ran's Horn.

Human science is an uncertain guess.—Prior.

For Sprains and Bruises and all Painful Accidents, . . .

St. Jacobs Oil in ALL KINDS OF SPORTS

Is the professional's first choice of a remedy always.

Work flies right along when you take Pearline to it. So does the dirt. Every scrubbing brush seems to have wings.

You get through your cleaning in half the time you used to, and without any commotion or fuss.

Pearline saves rubbing. That means a good deal besides easy work, even in house-cleaning. Paint and wood-work and oil-cloth, etc., are worn out by rubbing.

Pearline cleans, with the least labor, and without the least harm, anything in the world that water doesn't hurt.

Send Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, he

it Back honest—send it back.

JAMES FRYE, New York.

TEXAS JUSTICE.

"You admit you stole the pig out of the pen?" Colored Prisoner.—"Yes, I admit I stole de pig, but I wuz hungry, and I didn't have nuffin' ter eat."

"Porter, remember," said the judge, with tears in his eyes, as he chalked him down for two years.—Tammam Times.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of one hundred dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1890.

A. W. GILSON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. 23c Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

DEKANE—"What is the Order of Cincinnati, Ga.?" "Well, I was never in the town more than twice or three times, but I can tell you the impression that the usual order was 'beer and bologna'."—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success.

The successes achieved by men and things are not always based upon merit. But a success well merited and unprecedented in the annals of proprietary medicine, should therefore come to be written, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a botanic medicine, discovered nearly half a century ago, and the leading remedy for and preventive of malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness.